The Chatterbox

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MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON.

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1909. No. 4

Literary Department.

The New Year.

A. A., '10.

Christmas is over, past and gone,
We can but shed a tear
As we wait and sadly ponder—
As we greet the glad New Year.

Yes, a New Year, bright and glorious,
Ours to make it what we will.
Was our last year almost perfect?
We can make this better still.

Let us then be bright and cheerful,
Helpful to whom e'er we may;
Knowing if we only try it,
This will prove the surest way.

A Reverie.

J. W. A.

New Year's Eve. All day long the soft, white flakes have been falling, falling, until over all the unsightliness of the wintry earth has been spread the fleecy covering of the snow. The full moon has scattered the clouds and the trees, encased in ice, seem arrayed for a bridal—it is not so, it is for a burial, the pure, white burial sheet of the old year, the dear old year.

Let us drop the curtain upon the scene, beautiful but sad, and turn to the brightness of the wood fire as it crackles and sends its showers of sparks up the wide throat of the chimney. Draw your chair nearer and let the pictures in the glowing coals awaken bright memories. Ah, there is an outline now of the face I often see in my dreams. I remember, as it were but yesterday, the first time I saw her.

A scarlet hood binding the shining curls; the deep gray eyes almost black under the shadow of the long, dark lashes—the sweet lips parted in a merry smile as she sprang up the steps of the great, hospitable old country home where I had gone to spend the Christmas, her arms full of holly, its red berries rivaling her cheeks and lips.

Of course I lost my heart then and there, and during the remainder of my stay, the joy of Christmas followed her footsteps and echoed in her merry laughter, or, dearer still, in the sweet, serious tones of her voice as we lingered in the twilight or in the dim firelight before the lamps were lighted. But my joy was to be of short duration, for on New Year's Eve—just such an evening as this, the snow lying deep and white, the cold intense—we were all gathered in a merry circle around the fire, roasting chestnuts and popping corn, jokes and laughter following each other in rapid succession, when,

without warning, the loud clanging of the old brass knocker rang through the house and put a sudden stop to our amusement. Before we sufficiently recovered from our surprise to open the door, it was thrown open—a stalwart figure muffled in overcoat and furs, a gray cap set jauntily on the heavy black locks, stepped into our midst with a "Merry Christmas to all!" The crowd, so suddenly quieted, burst into a cry of surprise and joy, but two were silent. I, because he was a stranger to me, and another—. As I turned with a questioning look, to the beautiful girl at my side, my heart sank within me. The deep, gray eyes were black in their intensity, the drooping lashes were fringed with tear drops and a crimson flush burned in either cheek. She spoke no word of welcome; but when the great, handsome fellow, putting aside the clinging hands of the others, strode across the room to where she stood motionless, and grasped the little, trembling hands in his own strong ones, I knew the light in her eyes was not for me, and I knew he was satisfied with his reward for the long journey over land and sea, and the weary ride on that bitter winter's night, to watch the dying of the old year with his love, and to greet the glad new year with his bride by his side.

The ringing of the wedding bells sounded a knell to my hopes—but look, the fire has burned out and the glowing coals have turned to ashes. It is a cold New Year's morning.

Are the Witches in Macbeth Subjective or Objective?

VIRGINIA DARE PITTMAN, '09.

Are the witches subjective or objective? That is, do they represent some outer or external forces working toward the ruin of Macbeth's soul, or do they represent the inner evil forces of Macbeth's own soul reflected into these beings? For what do they stand in the play? What do they typify? Having thus stated the subject in several ways, I think it will be clear to all.

As the first step toward the proof we might question ourselves as to how Shakespeare generally deals with or treats the supernatural. In the instance of "the air-drawn dagger," who would believe it to be objective? Macbeth's own words prove that it is

> "A dagger of the mind . . . .
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain."

Again, in the appearance of Banquo's ghost we readily see his treatment of the supernatural being. Although the ghost may be represented as objective on the stage for the information of the audience, the actions of the banquet guests show us that the ghost is visible to none present at the banquet save Macbeth. Since it is Shakespeare's custom to treat the supernatural subjectively, why not suppose that the witches are also subjective?

Then, too, the words of the witches seem to be utterances snatched from Macbeth's own heart. When they hail him with the three hails, the last of which destines him to be King of Scotland, he is not surprised, for their words are simply an expression of his innermost thoughts. When the apparitions appear they utter the struggles within his soul. The first apparition warns him of Macduff. Now, before the apparition appears, he feared Macduff. Thus, in this in-

stance, his thought is, by them expressed in words. When the second apparition appears and tells him that he need never fear man of woman born, it may seem to some that the point I am making fails. It seems to me that it just gives us an insight into the struggle in his soul. He wonders if he really need fear Macduff. It seems that something in him tells him that he need not fear, and yet his conscience tells him to fear. The reflection in this apparition somewhat deceives him, and when the third comes before him his hopes are much stronger; for the condition on which it is based seemed impossible to occur. The evil force opposing his conscience had reached the point that it made him think that there was probably some truth in its sayings.

From the above-mentioned instances it seems to me that the witches are only beings into which Macbeth's evil thoughts are reflected. They serve as mirrors to show us his deepest thought. If this is what they do, the conclusion may be drawn that they are subjective.

With Apologies to Tennyson.

Steak, steak, steak,
In a cold, grey dish for me,
And I wish with all my injured soul
That I nevermore steak could see.

And the tender lambs bleat on,
And feed on every hill,
But steak is all there is for me,
So I bid my heart "be still."

Steak, steak, steak,
In the cold, cold dish I see,
And I only wish that my teeth could chew
The steak that's given to me.

And the poor old cows go on
To their slaughter pen under the hill,
But oh! for the touch of a rooster's leg
And a piece of turkey that's still!

Steak, steak, steak,
At the foot of the table I see,
But the under leg of a turkey dead
Will ne'er be digested by me.

ANON.

Trials of Cupid.

Ethel Cullens, '09.

The warm, mellow rays of the June sun fell slantingly over the waters of the beautiful river of C—. Along the broad avenue, bordered on one side with stately beech trees and on the other by a steep hill covered with sweet blossoming laurels, with the swift river running below, all of the young people of the city were driving. Everything and every one seemed peaceful and happy except two people.

The graceful black horse which they were driving had tossed his pretty head, shaken his long mane and dodged at everything in sight, only to be pulled quickly down by his master, who was driving.

"Must be in a bad humor this afternoon," mused the horse. He usually wants me to dodge so as to show my long, slender legs—awfully hard to please of late any way—wonder what is up?"

Cupid had even lost patience with them; "I'm not going to waste my valuable time trying to please silly people," he declared, shaking his arrow at them and flying away.

Paul Hamilton and Allene Ray were the unfortunate cross people that were marring the serenity of the afternoon. They had both just returned from college to spend their summer vacation at home.

Allene raised her dark eyes to look at Paul.

"Paul, you have been cross ever since we started; *please* be sensible; see how happy every one else looks."

"I should say they do look happy?" he grumbled, "I know we have met everybody in North Carolina since we started. I don't believe I have an inch of brim on my hat, I have had to tip it so much; hope we won't meet any one else."

"Crossness."

"Be sensible, Allene! How on earth can you be so unreasonable? Here we have been as good as engaged for two years and you haven't been in speaking distance of me hardly since you came; that crowd was always around you, not to mention the commencement crowd. You have entirely forgotten me."

"Paul, you are just jealous; you know well that you could have come had you wanted to; but no, just because I was having a good time you chose to stand off! I'm not engaged to you nor never have been."

"Don't you love me?"

"No, not when you act as you have been acting for the past week."

"Then you mean to say that you preferred Wesley Reed to me?"

"Wesley is certainly more agreeable than you are making yourself this afternoon. Besides, Paul, I want you to go with *all* the girls. When I have an engagement you stay at home. My ideal of a hero is not one who has been with me all of his life and knows nothing about any one else, but the man who has tried all the girls and likes me the best."

"I hope that you won't have cause to repent of that statement; however, you won't have the pleasure of making it to me again any time soon."

"A word to the wise is sufficient" (icily).

"Aren't they disgusting," thought the horse; "I will be tied at that same gate post to-morrow afternoon."

But the horse's master had more self-will than the horse ever dreamed he had, and for the whole summer he never stood at that gate again, in spite of the fact that he always turned up there when he passed, his master looked longingly that way, and a pair of brown eyes watched for them from behind closed shutters. But the horse was the only one who ever made any outward show.

The next afternoon Paul Hamilton went to see Gladys

Haynes and appeared to be her devoted suitor for a month; then they had a quarrel and he went with Virginia Vane for the rest of the summer. He called as often as she would allow him to; they were always seen in public together.

As for Allene Ray, there was no one in the town one-half so jolly and lively as she. She had dozens of suitors, though none could call often, because she was always engaged. But towards the last of the summer she would be seen to stay a little longer with Wesley Read than with any one else.

The older people of the town began to believe that Allene had flirted with Paul Hamilton, and that she had really never cared for him.

When she and Paul met she treated him with cold politeness, but always as if nothing had happened.

Just two weeks before Allene was to return to college (she was a senior that year), the announcement was made that she was to marry Wesley Read the following July. Just one month from her graduation day, she could celebrate her wedding day.

The remaining two weeks it was hard for an outsider to tell which was the more devoted, Wesley to Allene, or Paul to Virginia. Paul called to see Virginia the evening before she was to leave the next day, and together they went to tell Allene good-bye. After that night Paul did not go to see Virginia again until the next Christmas.

* * * * * * *

When Allene came home Christmas she was the same jolly, good-time girl, caring for nothing except to be on the go and to have a good time. One morning she took her favorite horse, Daphne, and refusing to let any one accompany her. "No, not even Wesley can go; I just want to gallop." She galloped off as fast as she could until she came to the avenue by the river, then she pulled Daphne down to a walk.

The beech trees which had been so beautifully green that June morning were without foliage now, the laurels looked

like dead things, all that showed that there had been any foliage was the few dry leaves lying on the ground; the river was the only thing which remained of the June morning.

Allene was startled from her reverie by her horse's whinnying; another rider was approaching. Looking up, she saw Paul Hamilton riding toward her. Why had Daphne whinned?

"Daphne, you naughty horse, I could have gotten away unseen if you had not made a noise."

"Let's race," said Daphne to the other horse, "I can beat you from here to the end of the avenue."

"Suppose you can; this horrid master won't let me run; hasn't trotted a step, and we have been down here all of the morning; I am going to throw him off if he doesn't behave," answered the other horse.

"Hello! Miss Allene, what brought you out here?" stammered Paul, blushing. "But since you are alone may I ride with you?"

Allene looked startled and confused; "I would like to have you, Mr. Hamilton, but I am waiting for Rosalind and Gladys; I sent Wesley for them."

"Somebody falsified, for I heard her tell him that he couldn't come," thought Daphne; "however, I'm going to race."

"Surely, I know that he is coming; but may I not stay until he does come?"

Daphne began to prance. "See if I don't race," he said to the other horse.

"All right," answered Allene, "let's race; I believe you used to win, but you can't to-day."

"Speaking more truth than she believes she is; but I'll try," thought Paul; "I'll let her win the horse race." Aloud he said, "Good, let's try."

They dashed off. When Allene got to the end she looked back at Paul. "See, I told you so!"

"You are just beginning the race, my lady, and I am going to win," he said to himself. To her he said:

"Say, Miss Allene, let's go rowing while we wait for the others; its nice and warm this morning and you have a thick coat."

To his surprise Allene consented.

Paul was silent for a long time after they had gotten out; Allene talked of all the nonsense she had ever heard. Finally Paul spoke:

"Allene, do you remember the last time we went drifting like this? It was at the last picnic I took you to; I was so happy then and you seemed to be. But we had better go ashore, for I have no right to speak to you as I wish; another man only has that privilege now. It must be fair since you love him, but to me its hard."

"And you, Paul; do you not belong to Virginia?"

"No, Allene; Virginia understood I just did it because you told me to; I didn't want you to know, but now—now—I don't care."

Allene looked happy. "Wesley also understood, dear; its Gladys that he loves, and he just went with me to make Gladys jealous."

"And the announcement and your diamond!"

"The announcement was made in fun at a leap year party. Wesley said that there was no need to contradict it; the diamond is one which uncle gave me."

Half an hour later Wesley whispered to some one very close to him:

"Don't you love me now, sweetheart?"

"Dear heart, how did we ever stay separated a whole six months, when a whole minute now would seem an eternity?"

* * * * * * *

Cupid said to himself that afternoon, "I need some more arrows; I shot nearly every one that I possessed this morning; but they all struck true, so what do I care, and I thought I would never catch them."

Growth of Shakespeare's Art

There has always been a great deal of discussion about the growth of Shakespeare's art, some holding that its steady development was one of the most marked features of his great genius, others contending that it is not so prominent, while some even go so far as to deny the fact of development in his work, maintaining that Shakespeare was from first to last the great, unique, all-powerful master, whose genius sprang into being full-fledged.

This is, however, a view that very few attempt to maintain—one I think that no one would hold after reading, say "Titus Andronicus" and "Macbeth" in succession.

There have been several different divisions made of Shakespeare's works on the basis of their probable chronology, and nothing better sets off the distinct periods in the development of the artist than does a consideration of the works grouped under these divisions. Critics vary considerably, both in the naming and the defining, of these divisions, but almost any names will serve which point out the stage of growth represented by each division.

Let us, for convenience, call them:

1. The Pre-Shakespearian Shakespeare.
2. The Very Young Shakespeare.
3. The Young Shakespeare.
4. The Man Shakespeare.
5. The Old Man Shakespeare.

The first period, in which we see the "Pre-Shakespearian Shakespeare, embraces the time in which he was doing, not original work at all, but was merely a remodeler of the works of others—an apprentice or assistant to the prominent playwrights of his day. It is a well-confirmed belief that Shakespeare was some years in London before he became a dra-

matist in any true sense of the word, though he is thought from the first to have been connected with the theaters. During this period, then, before he commenced his own work, he was engaged in the useful preparatory occupation of remodeling plays. The first part of "Henry 6" and "Titus Andronicus" are almost universally ascribed to this period. They are too crude to be attributed to Shakespeare even in the *earliest* stages of his own true career. Plays of blood and bombast they are—of fire, pestilence and sudden death, plays that eminently represent the "Pre-Shakespearian" period. They were probably given him to touch up before presentation, to alter to suit the occasion, and the work was perhaps very gratefully received by him, since it brought him in contact with the theater, even then felt to be his sphere. Even the "touching up" of these plays shows the budding of Shakespeare's art. Some go so far as to pick out the Shakespearian passages, and say that *here* and *here* we find the touch added by the master. But this is probably carrying textual criticism to a most unwarranted length.

The next period represents the "very young Shakespeare," but represents him working on his own account and in his own way. In this period we have what would be naturally expected from the young dramatist at this stage of his development. Probably disgusted with the blood and bombast of the plays he had remodeled, and not as yet having had much experience in life from which to draw his subject-matter, he turns to pure comedy, historical plays, and, later, to poetry. The comedies of this period are fun, pure and simple, unalloyed with any deeper feeling, showing slight character study, and depending almost entirely on incident and elaborate dialogue for their effect. In fact, "The Comedy of Errors," which belongs preeminently to this period, is a true farce, while in the others: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "A Midsummer's Dream," etc., the farce element strongly predomi-

nates. All of these, however, display the Shakespearian genius. They are full of wit, delightful and rollicking, and are immature, not so much in treatment, but just in that they represent the lighter side of life. The historical plays of this period, "Richard III," and the second and third parts of "Henry 6" show the influence of Marlowe, and though Shakespearian in the main, still show the result of his day of apprenticeship under the *blood and thunder* system.

We next see emerging from this period the YOUNG SHAKESPEARE, the writer of "Richard II," "King John" and "Romeo and Juliet." In the historical plays we note the development of genius in the greater complexity of structure and theme; and the introduction of humor into these plays is a beginning of the method Shakespeare later uses with such effect in combining the serious and the light, the comic and tragic, into a wonderful whole, which represents human nature as it exists.

But the most striking feature of this period is Shakespeare's departure, in "Romeo and Juliet," into the field of tragedy. "Romeo and Juliet" is just the kind of tragedy that the young poet would naturally begin with—a tragedy of "youthful passion"—as Hudson says, "of youth and spring." It is beautiful, tender, lyric, one of the most graceful tragedies in existence; but lacking in depth, and marred in places, to quote Hudson again, by "ingenious and elaborate affectation." It is indeed uneven in execution, ranging from pure and perfect poetry to the most obvious affectation. For instance, where could there be a greater contrast than between the poetry of:

> "Look, Love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East,
> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
> Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

and the almost ridiculous affectation in:

"Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night."

In short, this, the most representative drama of Shakespeare's youth, embodies both the virtues and faults of youth —but with virtues and faults both modified by the great genius of the poet.

From this period Shakespeare emerges into the ripened splendor of his genius, into the period in which he has before him the whole field of human emotions to treat as he will, to blend, to illuminate, to use, in the composition of the wonderful pictures that he makes of LIFE. In this period were produced the serious comedies, such as "Merchant of Venice," in which were combined with true comedy, the deepest character study, and the most serious life problems. From this type of comedy gradually developed, as the poet's attention was directed more and more to the tragic side of life, the dark, serious, bitter, ironical comedies, and later, the five glorious tragedies, which are undoubtedly the climax of Shakespeare's genius. This is the period of the MAN SHAKESPEARE, who had known sorrow, no longer as a toyed-with emotion, but as a real vital passion, and who in his strongest years had turned to inquire into, and depict the darkest parts of life. It is, I think, the greatest period in the history of his genius, the pinnacle of his attainment.

And now comes the last period, which represents in the works of Shakespeare that of the OLD MAN. Is it a period of advance or decline? One is almost tempted to say both. And in a way that would be a true answer, for one can neither say that the calm, contemplative view of the old man, regarding life's acts as a spectator, is of greater or less importance than the vigorous, emotional view of the young man in the midst of the conflict. The plays of this period—the

romances such as the "Tempest," etc., are not surely as powerful or as soul-stirring as the great tragedies of the preceding period, in which, I think, we may safely say Shakespeare was at his greatest. They lack the fire, the passion, and the vigor of these plays. And yet they represent a phase of the artist's genius which we could ill afford to lose—the serene and philosophical view of life which can come only near its end—the view as one critic has put it "of Shakespeare on the heights."

Thus we see that Shakespeare was a *man* as well as an artist, a man whose mental powers and whose view of the world grew and changed with the advancing years of his life; we see that his genius though of the highest order, was yet not exempt from natural laws, and we are glad that it was so, for only in this way could we have had a complete Shakespeare.

Verses.

A. A., '10.

Muvver, what makes so much fire in de sky?
I tant even tount de sparks!
I dess de're playin' hide en seek.
Des look how dat one darts!

Muvver, did oo say de're 'ittle stars?
An' every one a tandle?
What o' lot o' hands Dod must a-had!
Dess every star dere has a handle.

Muvver, dere's a *dreat big star,*
But I dess he's dot a shade.
I dess Dod must be mighty proud
To see what He has made.

Dod must a-thought 'twas mighty dark.
Dat big one is A MOON!
Well, I des I'm dettin' sleepy,
Dod can put his lights out soon.

Should We Patronize Those Who Patronize Us?

E. L. C., '09.

Girls! we want to make an appeal to you every one, individually, as to the support of our college magazine, THE CHATTERBOX. We thank you very much for the support which you have given us in subscribing to it, but this is a new appeal. You know that our advertisements help us financially, and we are very grateful to the advertisers, so we want to help those who help us; in other words, to obey the Golden Rule. You can help us do this by throwing your trade in their direction. What a merchant wants is trade, and our trade, the change trade, is the profitable kind. I know because I'm a merchant's daughter.

We want to make those men who say that by giving us an advertisement they are throwing away money, and that they do it "merely as a matter of accommodation," realize that it is "bread thrown upon the water," and that it is coming back to them sooner than they expect it to.

Be sure you patronize all who gave us ads, but most particularly do we want you to buy your dry goods at "Nelson's" and your groceries at the "Gem Grocery Company," for they gave us the best advertisements. Here they are:

Nelson's Dry Goods Store.
Gem Grocery Company.
Mrs. K. P. Black's Millinery Establishment.
E. C. & J. O. Bobbitt.
Littleton Pharmacy.
Tarry Hardware Company.
Perry's Drug Store.
W. H. May.
Edwards & Broughton Printing Company.
Sunnyside Floral Nursery, Fayetteville, N. C.

J. A. Johnston, Jeweler and Optician.
P. H. Rose, 5 and 10c. Store.
Moore's Bargain House.
T. C. Williams, General Merchandise.
Bank of Littleton.
J. F. Newsom & Son.

Any merchant who wishes any of our trade can get it by giving us a good advertisement. We, the chaperones, the senior class, will do our best to throw as much trade as possible in your direction, and we feel sure that the other girls are going to help us.

Ask Messrs. Sessoms and Nelson if it pays to advertise in THE CHATTERBOX.

What you advertise for is to get patronage, and we know that you want it, for:

> "We may live without poetry, music and art,
> We may live in the sunshine, or live when it's hot;
> We may live in the sunshine, or live in the shade,
> But the store, to be sure, can not live without trade."

I know because I'm a merchant's daughter.

The Chatterbox.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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Editorial.

Once more, as in past years, the ponderous covers of that huge volume, *The Book of Life,* are laid open to us, and the title over a page of marvelous purity and immaculate beauty gleams in the fullness of joy—*The New Year.*

Not at home, surrounded by the gayeties and festivities of the holidays, are we permitted to write our first line on the fresh page, but back once more amidst the many duties of the spring term. Is there a sigh when we take up the burden once more? Then we have marred our page in the beginning. The ideal record is not a series of murmurings, but the joyful portrayal of brave hearts working bravely.

Yes, every one may become a true artist and paint a picture of rare and exquisite beauty, whether of darkness and

gloom *made beautiful* by a master's hand, or the pictures of only sunshine and light.

And that one who dares to hope for a life entirely of rose-strewn paths is deluded—we need the darker lines to bring out the gleams of brightness.

In the light of this, "let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate"—yes, even from wearing long sleeves until the return of warm weather, to "flunking on examinations. These shadows have hung over the student body throughout the entire "history of the institution," as well as during "this scholastic year." Let us then force them into the background, and let the glorious thought of dessert twice a week shine forth, as well as our other privileges, such as going down town once in every month—of course with the necessary provision that you wear the "plain, navy-blue suits, trimmed in bands or ruffles of the same."

Perhaps just at the dawn of the approaching examinations we are inclined to cry out at the sordidness of our materials for painting our records; but, as older and wiser friends often suggest, "we are enjoying the best of our life now." Just as well-learned lessons count in our reviews of text-books, so, later, in reviewing the record of by-gone days, shall we view with peculiar gratification those pages in the book of life which show the rare and graceful touches of the true genius.

Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE G. GRIGGS, '10.

On Sunday evening, November the twenty-ninth, the subject was "Temperance," Miss Iola Massey, leader. Miss Massey brought before us some of the opportunities and responsibilities that are ours. A reading on Temperance was given by Miss Mamie Massey, which added much to the service.

The first Sunday evening, December the sixth, was the missionary meeting. Miss Bradshaw showed us the many ways in which we can be missionaries. She told us some of the many needs of the foreign countries, which caused us to realize that we should give more for missions, in order that they may learn of Jesus Christ.

Last Sunday evening, being the last Sunday before going home for the Christmas holidays, Miss Mollie Mitchell brought before us some of the ways in which we could spend the holidays so we would be brought closer to God. She told us we could bring joy to many sad hearts by giving them something, though it seem so small to us.

All were invited by the Young Women's Christian Association to a Christmas tree in the Social Hall last Monday evening. St. Nick, with two of his daughters, arrived soon after we had gathered. He gave the following toast before taking the presents from the tree:

Here's to the college children, one and all—
From the Seniors great to the Freshmen small—
And the Faculty, too, e'en tho' they are sage,
Have not forgotten things of their childish age.

May your stockings be filled till they never lack
Of all the good things I hold in my pack;
May you all go home and have a good time,
And think of old Santa in his frozen clime.

Who only comes at the Christmas tide,
And into your chimney creeps for a slide—
To bring to all a message of good cheer,
And wish all Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Miss Bessie Boone gave the following toast in response to St. Nick.:

Yes, there is a time in all the year,
Of all the times so very dear;
In all the lands in every clime,
The happiest yet—sweet Christmas time!

The loving saint glides over the snow,
To every one this friend may go;
We love you more this year than last,
And more and more as years fly past.

To-night, oh! patron, in a joyous maze,
The old heart yearns for childhood days,
When happy visions of wild delight
Filled the gay young heart on Christmas night.

But away, ye shadows of by-gone joys!
There are deeper delights than childish toys.
'Tis the thrilling glory of hearts made glad,
With never a space for what is sad.

So with hearts aglow and shining eyes,
To toast St. Nick I gladly rise—
And here's a health to this wondrous friend,
The unanimous wish I now extend.

Then Santa and his two little daughters proceeded to distribute the presents among the girls and faculty. After all the presents had been taken from the tree a Christmas song was sung. The tree was beautiful and the occasion will be remembered by all as a happy evening.

Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

Our tables are piled high with exchanges this time. And we may say that we have thoroughly enjoyed reading them. On a whole, the magazines are very good, but as Horace says: *"Nihil est ab omni parte beatum."*

The *Tattler* is not as good as last number; it is much too local. Of course it is interesting to the people who are personally acquainted with the affairs there, but to strangers it is rather tiresome. The article on "Some Tendencies of Modern Fiction" is interesting, but is composed for the most part of quotation marks. We are glad to learn the various opinions of the other folks. This clipping is good and speaks well for the verse:

To a Face Seen in the Crowd.

Ho, Lucifer! Thou fallen god
With insolent, proud, curveless lips
Set to endure;
A face, lean, brown, with power in every nerve;
Strong to pursue,
To break or bend, or crush or batter down.
Thou'st wrought on earth much havoc, many curse
thy name, and yet—
O Lucifer, thou strong, unhappy man,
The evil thou hast wrought, thou hast endured.

The *Clemson College Chronicle* presents itself to us arrayed in holiday attire. Forgotten are anxious cares of school life when we gaze at the cover so remindful of Christmas. But disappointed are we, when we find that the contents are not in keeping with the cover. True, the stories are good for stories of the hour, but there is such little depth or strength shown in the characters. The authors seem to have the idea that all a girl cares for is to be made love to and

would use every means to accomplish her desire. Boys, you are wrong! And then the editorial sounds like proverbs or old-fashioned epitaphs that we sometimes find on moss-grown tombstones. The Exchange Department is full and fair, everybody gets what he deserves—whether a roast or a toast.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* contains two stories worthy of mention. "The Pendulum" is real good; it has a deep, underlying thought, and presents to us something to think about. "An Adventure" is a story of the ordinary kind, and while it does not dip into psychological problems very deeply it does help to clear away the idea about ghosts. We would like to see more jokes. Surely you are not so exceptionally good!

The cover of the *College Message* gives us an insight to the contents—dark and dull. Viewed from one point it is a nice number, because there is a lot of history of the college and facts of importance contained in it; but it is too local to be interesting to outsiders. We do not know enough concerning the people to appreciate the addresses read before the Alumnæ Symposium. We hope the next issue will be broader and more helpful to all of us.

The *Red and White* comes up to its usual standard this time. The stories do very well, but the verse—; well, there's not much of it, and what there is—; well, there's not much of it either. The—I don't know what to call it—story I suppose, "He Wants to Marry," has some little humor in it, but more of ignorance than anything else. "Saved" might be something and isn't—it is so like a girl to do a meritorious deed and then faint.

What's the matter with the *Acorn?* There is something lacking, and I believe it's stories. Stories always help to make a magazine enjoyable. The "Slip-Sheets" is an admirable addition, and "His Failure" is good; there is some-

thing strangely pathetic about it. The poem, "Death and Autumn," sounds rather "Poe-etic," though the thought is foreign to Mr. Poe.

Davidson College Magazine seems to be equally divided between prose and verse. The magazine is a very creditable production; the authors handle their work as though used to the place. Perhaps it would not be out of place to suggest a little nonsense to break the monotony. Though the magazine is very good, there is a great deal of room for improvement.

Surely with so many to work the State Normal could offer a better magazine to the exchanges. It is thin, and what there is is not worth much. Perhaps you'll do better next time.

If the editors of the *St. Mary's Muse* were to put the various departments on separate pages the appearance of their magazine would be greatly improved. We may be mistaken, but we are unable to find the Exchange Department. The absence of this detracts greatly from the magazine.

The *Wofford College Journal,* in its Exchange Department, criticises some magazine for being too harsh in its criticism, then goes and does the same thing. What do you think o' that?

We can not conscientiously close the exchange without mentioning the *Athenian.* It comes from New Bern High School and is very good. The undertaking of a magazine is rather hard for a high school, but we wish you much success.

Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—Christmas is almost here, and it fills us with a thrill of joy to think we will soon be at home.

—Misses Sturdivant and Inez Jones visited friends at Vahn recently.

—Misses Lula and Nina McCall were glad to have their father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. F. B. McCall, and their little sister, Mary, with them a few days ago.

—President and Mrs. Rhodes attended Conference at Durham last week.

—Misses Pearl and Mamie Fishel spent Sunday and Monday last at their home, Vahn, N. C.

—Miss Lillian Whitfield went to Nashville last week. She returned the 15th.

—The Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra gave a concert at the town hall in Littleton the 5th. Several inmates of the college attended.

—Miss Hope Thompson spent a few days, recently, at her home, Macon, N. C.

—Miss Boyd Thorne spent last Sunday at her home in the country.

—Mrs. Carraway was called to Washington, N. C., a few days ago, on account of the illness of her niece.

—Miss Edith Simmons has had her little brother, Master Bernard, visiting her the past week.

—Rev. J. M. Lowder stopped over here on his way from Conference to see his daughter, Miss Mary.

—On Monday evening, December 7th, 1908, occurred the most interesting formal entertainment of the season here being none other than the DEBUT of the senior class. The spacious parlor and reception hall were elaborately decorated for the occasion, the color scheme being green and red, to indicate the approaching holidays. The invited guests consisted of a number of students and teachers from Central Academy. Miss Davidson, representing the mother of the class, adopting her French manners and accent, and maintaining her charming dignity, presented the guests to her numerous daughters. Miss Best inspired every soul present with her delightful readings, and Misses Linthicum and Matthews furnished select music to the enjoyment of all. Chicken salad, olives, cake and coffee were served. When the bell tolled out the hour for departure, every one seemed to think the time had elapsed more swiftly than they could realize.

Current Events.

FLOSSIE STEELE, '09.

The Suffragettes.

Every paper now-a-days, not only the "yellow journals," but reputable papers as well, are full of the sensational doings of the Suffragettes, both English and American. These erratic Amazons of vociferous and violent tendencies, have stormed Parliament meetings, chained themselves to seats, rushed police barricades, made stump speeches, harangued Wall street, and otherwise disported themselves. They have fought, bled (we suppose), but, unfortunately, they have not *died* for their cause.

And what is the result of the whole matter? It is that the cause of woman's suffrage has been held up to the ridicule of the world, and womanhood, in a sense, degraded. Four of the English suffragettes were recently put in prison for six months on the charge of disturbing the peace. On the expiration of their term, they, and their friends held high carnival and a public procession. This and like incidents show the hysterical and sensational spirit which is being manifest by the suffragettes.

Of course all the suffragettes are not of this class. Some of the sanest and most broad-minded women of the age honestly believe in the movement. They think that woman is robbed of a right, and the state of a benefit, by the law which denies to woman the right of franchise. But the voice of such woman is, for the most part, lost in the clamor of their louder sisters. While the better class of believers in woman's suffrage are expounding their views in print, or from the lecture platform, the more extreme type is hurling stones or shrilly haranguing a crowd of jerring men and boys.

Now we believe in the underlying principle of woman suffrage—*i. e.* the equality of the sexes. That women are in all respects mentally equal to men is a truth, the statement of which has become trite. That the logical result of this equality is what the suffragettes think it is; however, we strongly doubt—or rather, we require to be shown. It may be that in time we will have franchise extended to both sexes, and that the plan will work well; but surely the times are not ripe for the change now. The acts of the suffragettes alone are sufficient to prove this. Should we have suffrage thrust upon us, the better class of women would ignore it, and the rowdy suffragettes would be left to represent womanhood at the polls. That women have the RIGHT to vote is probably true; that the majority of the better class of women do not care to exercise this RIGHT seems at present no less true. The women of the South, at least, do not have to maintain their "EQUALITY" by the power of lung, or by the use of sling-shots. They are content to be WOMEN, reverenced, respected and protected, and not NEAR-MEN.

* * *

Uncle Joe Cannon is still booming.

* * *

The Cooper who shot Senator Carmack now finds himself the "COOPED."

* * *

The Duke D'Abbruzzi has about decided he WON'T. It's a pity Miss E. gave him the chance.

* * *

Emperor William says if he ever said anything he was glad of he is now sorry for it. "No, boss Bulow, I ain't said NARY NOTHING!

* * *

Now that the election is over, Brother Charles Taft can count his coin and see if there's enough left to buy Christmas presents for the rest of the family.

We are glad Judge Linsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, was elected. His methods are original, wholesome, human and Christian.

* * *

Bryan's gone to Mexico. Wonder if he expects to run for President down there?

* * *

Read Helen Keller's article in the December number of "Current Events." It's worth it!

* * *

The President is still adding to the Ananias Club. S-s-h-h! Don't mention the Panama Canal or Teddy'll put you in.

* * *

John D. Rockyfellow doesn't seem to be able to remember things very well. Wonder how he manages business with such a poor memory?

* * *

Supreme Court sanctions race discrimination in the schoolroom. Hurrah! We'll have the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments repealed soon.

* * *

No more three-cent car fare in Cleveland. Well, that's all right—we just won't go to Cleveland!

* * *

Why can't we spank Venezuela, and go on about our business?

* * *

The President said in his last message that Congress disapproved of secret service men because it feared an investigation. When Congress got angry, the President said it was all a JOKE. Pretty rough joking; many men have been knocked down for less.

* * *

Say, do you think that last is the President's final message? Pshaw!

Have You Heard the Latest?

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Jokes.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

The latest query since conference is: "Who is your pastor?"

* * *

We are going home the eighteenth
Isn't that fine?
No more hash till 1909!

* * *

HEARD AFTER LATIN EXAM.

"The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot—for we forgot"—

—*Mamie Pope.*

* * *

"Have you ever read *Doctor Luke of the Labrador.*"

Alice Myrick (a Junior actually): "No, I've never read anything by Van Dyke.

* * *

Teacher: "Where do rivers usually have their source?"

Pupil (quickly): "In a desert."

Teacher: "Now, tell what a desert is?"

Pupil: "Well—er, oh! that is a place that grows watermelons, sweet potatoes and pumpkins."

* * *

Miss Betts: Miss Mitchell, what are the principal parts of *crow?*

Miss Mitchell: "Crow, crew, crewed."

* * *

What is Annie Forbes' favorite sport? "See, saw—ing."

Melissa: "Alberta, what are you writing; something for the CHATTERBOX?"

Alberta: "No, an essay for society."

Melissa: "What's *A* for?"

Alberta: "What?"

Melissa: "If *S* is for society, what is *A* for?" (essay).

* * *

On December 14th, during the Conference, a very enthusiastic Methodist exclaimed:

"Oh! just think, they will read out the assessments (appointments) to-day."

* * *

Ask Bessie Harriss whom she is *engaged* to.

* * *

An alumna of Littleton College said to her sister, whose short hairs were in her face:

"Why don't you get some little *individual* hair pins?"

After the laughter was over she said:

"Oh! what did I say?" I meant to say invincible hair pins."

* * *

Miss Davidson to Miss Cullens, one of the dignified, august Seniors: After Dryden wrote several dramas and was made "Poet Laureate" of England what did he do?

Miss Cullens (quickly): "He turned around and wrote poetry."

* * *

Miss Davidson, announcing the coming of Mr. Newsom, the ticket agent, to sell the tickets to the college girls, said: "Mr. Pulliam will be up here this evening at 3:30 o'clock. Don't fail to get your ticket!"

* * *

Hurrah for the gallant class of Rose and Gray!

That won "A stars" from Miss Davidson the other day.

Wanted: A full *square* meal. Student body.

* * *

Wanted to know why the Seniors were singing, "Love, I am so lonely," the day after their *coming out party.*

* * *

Wanted to know why Miss Betts did not marry ten years ago.

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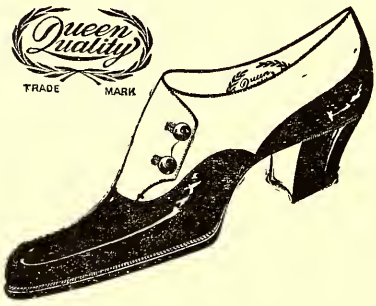

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